

Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' TH' YEAR

Nov. 14

MENU

BREAKFAST
Grapes, Oatmeal, White and Gold Omelet, Coffee, Buttered Toast, LUNCHEON, Cream Potato Soup, Wafers, Sardines and Lettuce Sandwiches, Fruit, Cake.

TEA
Oyster Soup with Crackers, Stuffed Baked Potatoes, Peas, Creamed Beets, Vegetable Salad, Coffee, Lemon Pie.

DINNER
Oyster Soup with Crackers, Stuffed Baked Potatoes, Peas, Creamed Beets, Vegetable Salad, Coffee, Lemon Pie.

Prepare a short crust and bake it over the inverted pie tin. When ready transfer it to the normal position in the pan. Now to the gratified mind and juice of one fair-sized lemon add a cup of sugar and the yolks of two eggs, add two cups of water. Bring to the boil and thicken with cornstarch or flour stirred into a little cold water. Boil for a few minutes; when the mixture should be quite thick, stir to prevent burning. Fill the pie and cover with the whites, which have been whipped stiff with a little sugar. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and flour rubbed together, and set in the oven to brown.

KITCHEN DECORATION

A woman who believes that a kitchen should be a pretty room wonders how most people do not hold the same opinion.

Of original tastes, she has devised this scheme of color and decoration for her kitchen. The walls she has had painted a bright sunny yellow, the woodwork and chairs a deep, clean blue, the color of the pattern in her kitchen crockery and the cornflower pattern of her white tiled stove, which has a shining metal top.

"We are slaves to the idea that a stove must be black and ugly," she says. "I got cured of this idea in a visit to Holland, where I bought my pretty stove."

The windows of her kitchen are hung with cash curtains made of glass, showing barred in blue. At the center of their silks a little square bracket shelf has been attached, upon which stands a vase of flowers.

PEANUT BUTTER

(By Request)

Roast the nuts, shell and take off the brown skins. When making large quantities the removing of the brown skins is best accomplished by putting the shelled nuts on a coarse towel, covering them gently with a brush, and breaking or loosening, and then blowing them off with a bellows. If you use salt, dust them lightly with it and grind at once. Mix to a smooth paste with half as much butter as you have peanut powder. It is always well to taste your butter and use its freshness as a guide in the matter of just how much salt you should add to the nutmeal. If you put the peanut butter in covered glass jars or tins, keep in a cool place.

THREE PRETTY BACKS

It is important to have the little girl's dress pretty in the back as well as in the front.

IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE

(Composition by a Boy of Ten)

If I were a millionaire I would go to Turkey to see Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulcher. I would go to California and see the big trees. I would have candy, oranges and nuts every time I wanted to. I would go to Australia to see the wonderful clock. I would play the flute and guitar. I would buy the whole series of Alger and Henry. I would buy a gun and dog and go hunting. I would go to Strasburg to see the wonderful clock. I would go to Rome to see the place that Horatius kept the bridge. I would go to Plymouth where the Pilgrim Fathers landed. I would go to the International Panama Exposition at San Francisco. I would go to Spain to see the body that they think is Columbus. I would have dessert every day. I would send money to the missionaries in Alaska and Japan. I would buy a gold watch and ring. I would have an orchid full of peach and apple trees. I would have my house painted white and a long porch. I would insure my life for \$25,000. I would buy a nice horse and go driving every day. I would go to Africa to see the pyramids in Egypt.

In my house I would have a great many pictures and ornaments. I would put \$4 in church every Sunday. I would buy me a sleigh, and every time it snowed go sleighing. I would have a walnut table in my dining-room, and a sideboard full of china and cutglass. I would buy a book about the life of St. Paul. I would buy a gold fountain pen and pencil. I would buy a knife with a pearl handle. I would get some cuff buttons set with pearls.

BABY'S EARACHE

At that tender age when baby's only speech is a cry, piercing cries attended with much tossing of the baby's head from side to side, with a constant tendency to movements of the hands to the head, mean earache. Though this is not always serious, the doctor must be consulted. When consulting for him the earpain may be relieved by a tiny hot-water bottle placed over the ear. A dandelion leaf shaped like a glove-finger may be filled with heated salt and placed within the hollow of the ear.

COLORS AT THEATRES

Those who like brilliant effects and consider them necessary to the success of any play, have often deplored the somber colors worn by women. They insist, and perhaps rightly, that the uniform wearing of black and white by women tends to depress the effect of social gatherings.

The introduction of color in many shades, of green in its brightest hues, and of purple in its winter, gives to every theatre audience the color that artists desire. And even to the uncultivated eye the massed effect of bright colors is very satisfying.

THE BEST WAY

A Big Handful of Very Useful Household Suggestions.

To make a lotion to soothe heat and irritation of the skin, take two ounces of lettuce juice, two drams of eau de Cologne, two ounces of distilled vinegar and four ounces of elder flower water, well mixed. Dab the skin with it frequently.

PARING POTATOES AND TURNIPS

Do not take too thick a rind off in paring potatoes. The best part of the potato is near the skin. On the other hand, turnips should have a thick rind pared off. The turnip has an outer part that destroys the flavor of the whole if not removed.

A REMINDER

Cover your pillows with a basted-on pillow case of old muslin, which will protect the ticking from head stains.

SALISFY TO VARY MENU

Salisfy or oyster plant is a delicious cold-weather vegetable that really deserves wider use than it now enjoys.

COLOR CONTRAST

Sometimes no color contrast is to be found in a dress. And then the dainty woman provides it by the flower which she tucks into the corsage or waist.

SCALLOPED SALISFY

Scalloped salisfy is made from the boiled vegetable. It should be sliced and put into a buttered baking dish in alternate layers with cracker or bread crumbs. It should be seasoned well with pepper and salt and butter, and after the last layer of crumbs is added a cupful of milk or more, if it is needed—should be poured over it. It should then be baked a light brown.

OYSTER PLANT OR SALISFY FRITTERS

Oyster plant or salisfy fritters are made in this way: Scrape, slice and boil the vegetable. It will take about thirty minutes to make it tender. Then drain it and press it through a colander. Add to the pulp from each twelve roots a tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and some pepper. Add two well-beaten eggs and mix to a pulp into the form of oysters. Fry them in hot fat in a shallow pan on both sides, or else drop into a pan of deep fat and fry golden brown.

ANY INCONSIDERATE COOK

Any inconsiderate cook will think of a dozen other ways to prepare this vegetable. The preliminary is to busy way of serving it is boiling until it is tender in slightly salted water. It takes on new delicacies when it is served with mushrooms and is made into a more refreshing dish when prepared with eggs.



An afternoon gown of black velvet, with ruffles and collar of black chiffon-taffeta. Notice the new wide neck, with outstanding collar.

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Alphabet of Tiny Tots

Fergus lives in Falkirk
In Scotland, cross the sea
He often dresses up in kilts
And plays round happily
Fergus likes to think that he
Soon will be a man
And then he means some
day to be
The chieftain of his clan!

Elizabeth Kirkman

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Mrs. Wrangell, having identified the body of a man lying in a roomhouse near New York as that of her husband, hurried home. Overtaking the girl who had accompanied her husband to the inn on the preceding night and who had mysteriously disappeared, she moved to bed with her, and after hearing the bare outline of the girl's story of her acquaintance with Wrangell, offers her a home.

During the somnolent funeral, there is a reconciliation between Mrs. Wrangell and the mother and sister of the dead man.

Hetty Castleton stood alone and wavering. Just inside the door. No stranger situation could be imagined than the one in which this unfortunate girl found herself at the present moment. She was virtually in the hands of those who would destroy her; she was in the house of those who most deeply were affected by her act and who, in a fatal night, among them all she stood, sobbing, listening to the moans and sobs, and yet her limbs did not give way beneath her.

Some one gently touched her arm. It was Leslie. She shrank back, a fearful look in her eyes. In the semi-darkness he failed to note the expression.

"Won't you sit here?" he asked, indicating the little black chair against the wall. "Forgive me for letting you stand so long."

She looked about her, the wild light still in her eyes. She was like a rat in a trap.

Her lips parted, but the word of thanks did not come forth. A strange, articulate sound, almost a gasp, came instead. Palled as a ghost, she dropped limply to the floor, and dug her fingers into the carpeting. As if fascinated, she stared over the black heads of the three women immediately in front of her at the full length portrait hanging where the light from the hall fell upon it—the portrait of a dashing youth in riding togs.

A moment later Sara Wrangell came over and sat beside her. The girl shivered as with a night chill when the warm hand of her friend fell upon hers and enveloped it in a firm clasp.

"His mother kissed me," whispered Sara. "Did you see?"

The girl could not reply. She could only stare at the open door. A small, hatched-faced man had come up from below and was nodding his head to Leslie. Wrangell—a man with short side-whiskers and a perpetual look in his eyes. Then, having received a sign from Leslie, he tipped away. Almost instantly the voices of people singing softly came from some distant, remote part of the house.

And then, a little later, the perfectly modulated voice of a man in prayer. Back of her, Wrangell, beside her, Wrangell, behind her, friends of the Wrangells, outside the circle, those who would join with these black, raven-like specters in tearing her to pieces if they but knew!

Sitting, with his hand to his head, Leslie Wrangell found himself staring at the face of this stranger among them; not with any defensible interest, but because she happened to be in his line of vision and her face was so singularly white that it stood out in cameo-like relief against all this ebony setting.

The droning voice came up from below, clear, well-timed, and distinct and clear, tribute to the beautiful, the irreproachable character of the deceased. Leslie watched the face of the girl, curiously fascinated by the set, emotionless features, and yet without conscious interest in her. He was fully sensible to the fact that she was beautiful, uncommonly beautiful. It did not occur to him to feel that she was out of place among the dead, that she was longed for, that she was a part of the surroundings, like the spectre at the feast.

If he could have witnessed all that transpired while Sara was in the room below with her guest—her companion, as he had come to regard her without having in fact been told as much—he would have been lost in a maze of the most overwhelming emotions.

To go back. The door had barely closed behind the two women when Hetty's trembling knees gave way beneath her. With a low moan of horror she slipped to the floor, covering her face with her hands.

Sara knelt beside her.

"Come," she said gently, but firmly. "I must exact this much of you. If you are to go on tonight, as we have planned, you must stand beside me at this hour. Together we must look upon him for the last time. You must see him as I saw him up there in the country. I have my cruel hopes that he is your turn now. I will not blame you for what you did. But if you expect me to go on believing that you did a brave thing that night, you must convince me that you are not a coward now. It is the only test I shall put you to. Come! I know it is hard, I know it is terrible, but it is the true test of your ability to go through with it to the end. I shall know then that you have the courage to face anything that may come up."

She waited a long time, her hand on the girl's shoulder. At last Hetty arose. "You are right," she said hoarsely. "I should not be afraid."

Later on, they sat over against the wall beyond the casket, into which they had peered with widely varying emotions. Sara had said:

"You know that I loved him?"

The girl put her hands to her eyes and bowed her head.

"Oh, how can you be so merciful to me?"

"Because he was not," said Sara, white-lipped, Hetty glanced at the half-averted face with queer, indescribable expression in her eyes.

Then her nerves gave way. She shrank away from the casket, whimpering like a frightened child, muttering, almost gibbering in the extremity of despair. She had been in dread of this ordeal; it had been promised the day before by Sara Wrangell, whose will was law to her. Now she had come to the very apex of realization. She felt that her mind was going, that her blood was freezing. In response to a sudden impulse she sprang up and ran, blindly and without thought, bringing up against the wall with such force that she dropped to the floor, quite insensible.

When she regained her senses, she was lying back in Sara Wrangell's arms, and a soft faraway voice was pleading with her to wake, to say something, to open her eyes.

If Leslie Wrangell could have looked in upon them at that moment, or at any time during the half an hour

(To Be Continued.)